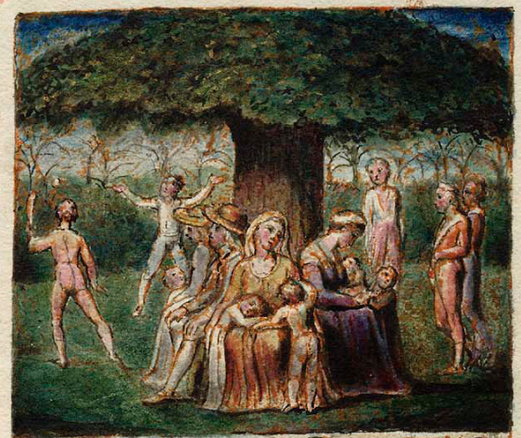

The Ecchoing Green.

The Sun does arise
And make happy the skies
The merry bells ring
To welcome the Spring
The sky-lark and thrush
The birds of the bush
Sing louder around
To the bells cheerful sound
While our sports shall be seen
On the Ecchoing Green.

Old John with white hair
Does laugh away care
Sitting under the oak
Among the old folk.